

THE RCM MAGAZINE



VOL 5 EASTER
No 2 TERM 1909

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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &
PRESENT STUDENTS and
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ
of THE R.C.M. UNION..*

'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'

Editorial

" 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune."—SHAKESPEARE.

One of the most perplexing problems of modern musical times is that which arises out of the growing tendency amongst men to give the musical profession the go-by as an occupation. It is generally considered that the male composer is creatively superior to the female, and that he attains more virility of idea. At all events, as an exponent, a man must give a stronger if not a more purposeful interpretation than a woman ; and with this in mind it is said that the present position of things is likely to interfere seriously with the growth of music, and that the ever increasing girl-predominance at the Associated Board examinations may well be regarded with misgiving, and lead others than the chairman and members of the Board to look about them and see for themselves in what direction matters are tending.

But what can be done ? The ever-present money difficulty is at the root of a great deal of the slowness displayed in taking up the profession. ' There is nothing to be made at music if you are not really in the front rank ' is almost as well-worn a saying as a speech of Antonio ; but that the remark has truth in it is unquestionable. Parents object to their sons ' going in for music '—because it doesn't pay. The argument is unanswerable if it be true, and it is not easy to demonstrate the contrary. Yet many are successful in spite of it, and not necessarily only those who are in what is termed the front rank. And how is it done ? That is the point. We presume business ability has something to do with it, but the combination of this quality with the unstrained quality of musicianship is unfrequent. Thus it may reasonably be assumed that a man who is a good musician with no business ability would prefer music to commercial pursuits ; the stake is generally less and the opportunity for financial

failure more restricted than in a purely commercial venture. Our suggestion is that the ranks of the man-musician are thinned by a process of selection, and the question is whether music profits thereby. Certainly the standard of musicianship is bound to be raised by such a process, and, on the other hand, the ranks of commercialism in all probability are enriched by the absorption of the *quasi* musician. Looking at the matter in this light we can see a gain for both sides in letting well alone. But it certainly behoves us as promoters of the highest in music to do our best to see that the front rank material does not slide by unheeded, and that promising young musicians are not deterred from entering a profession which in all probability they would adorn, by depressing pictures of the dreary prospect which lies before the man-musician.

The Director's Opening Address

EASTER TERM, 1909

[WITH A PARENTHESIS.]

The way to make the spirit of a place like the College strong, is to pile up the things that are worth remembering—and we have been adding solidly to our stock since we met here at the beginning of last term. There are plenty of items I might dwell upon, such as our performance of a Symphony by an Academy composer—many fine individual achievements at our concerts, especially Ioan Powell's performance in the Rachmaninoff concerts; and the pleasant discovery that at the end of the fifth year of the Patron's Fund's existence we had given no less than fifty-four British composers a public hearing. But what seems to loom largest is our having successfully got through one of our biggest yearly ordeals, and put to our credif the performance of another Opera which was quite unknown in this country till we took it in hand. It is no small thing to search out and find an unknown Opera which is presentable; and among the debts which the College owes our distinguished Professor, Sir Charles V. Stanford, must be counted the fact that his generous enthusiasm remained loyal to the merits of 'Francesca' for many years, and ultimately resulted in our having the honour of giving it a hearing.

We have a right to look back with complacency on such an enlargement of the long list of little known Operas which we have performed;

and in this case we may look back with perfect equanimity to an absolutely finished and unblemished performance, enhanced by brilliant individual features which we need not specify, as they live in everybody's memory. And after all we haven't so much right to be complacent about strokes of genius. No doubt they excite us individually, and we are proud of the individuals who achieve them ; but from the corporate point of view there is more genuine exhilaration to be got out of the contemplation of a lot of people all pulling loyally together to a single end. And when one thinks of the infinity of details which have to be exactly in their right places with dead certainty—from a mere semiquaver rest in a second flute part, up to the top B flat of the prima donna—it really is a marvel to get through without a catastrophe of any sort in a first performance which is also the last, and for which none of the allowances rightly claimed for a first performance are made. Parenthetically and aside we may admit the element of luck, for there's no particular reason why the whole caste should not have got the influenza the day before the dress rehearsal, or Sir Charles Stanford been run away with in a four wheel cab on the way to the performance. We make our acknowledgement to the fates for being obliging, and, without being unduly puffed up, we recall the familiar saying about heaven helping those who help themselves, and take stock of the devotion and spirit of the performers through all the long preparations ; and the ardour with which they threw themselves into whatever they were called upon to do, to help to the general success of the whole thing—and we may take it that the ardour in this case was not overmuch affected by eagerness of individuals for their own little prominence. The subtle instinct for the proper relation of individual effort to the effort of the community is the only thing which can achieve so uniformly good and well-balanced a result. And that reminds me of a thing that is probably quite unknown to you—that in days fairly long gone by, some people who held influential positions in connection with the College argued that the annual Opera was not good for it ; and it really was for a time in jeopardy, and every argument that could be thought of had to be brought into action to save it. And, oddly enough, I remember that one of the arguments which appeals to me most after long experience didn't then occur to me ; for in those days we had not fully realized that the Annual Opera is the particular operation we undertake in each year

which occupies the largest number of pupils in a prolonged spell of work together—and work in which their capacity for subordinating the claims of the individual to the necessities of the aggregate is put to a severe test by the performance. This may not seem of much consequence to you. But to me it seems of the utmost importance to give people the delightful, wholesome experience of working in fellowship. It really is pretty nearly the only way of finding the solution of the difficulty which faces us at every turn, of combining the expression of individuality with the community of effort. It is one of the most charming and inexhaustible problems in every educational institution, even the most elastically minded. [And it is delightfully illustrated in Mr Dunhill's charming paper in the Magazine on the old R.C.M. Literary and Debating Society—where we are told how our worthy ex-scholar, Mr Gustav von Holst, brought forward a motion in 1897, that 'Academic Training should be Abolished.' We were all very fond of Mr von Holst, and knew that his adventurous opinions were the fruit of ardent aspiration delicately tintured with a subtle sense of humour—and that if he did come to the point of dynamiting the College he would do it in the most sympathetic, kind and considerate manner possible. So our regard for him is not in the slightest or most diminutive degree affected by these revelations. We cordially admit the dangers of Academicism; we even welcome the spirit which wants to demolish it. But if you keep your eyes open you will find the same conflict between apparently diametrical opposites in almost everything in life, which has to be accommodated at every step. The people who do the mischief in education are those who only see one side. There are the ardent spirits like Mr von Holst, on the one hand, who chafe at the judgments of experience, and, indeed, at any restrictions whatever which gall their youthful exuberance, and, on the other side, there is the pernicious pedant who wants to have all human nature regulated into perfect automatism by his stupefying theories. People who have any generosity and breadth of view will always be on the side of the youthful exuberance. But it is even better to try to admit that there may also even be some good hidden away beneath the piles of cinders which obscure the intentions of the pundits. For, in the ultimate, the friction between such opposites keeps us alive. It is equivalent to the physical law that friction generates heat, and that heat

is a mode of motion, and by no means necessarily a producer of disintegration and disorder. We even infer that the conflict of opposites is necessary to life of any sort, and to eliminate one of them is to induce either stagnation or chaos.]

So let us say 'long life to differences of opinion and healthy rivalries.' And on a small scale such work as the preparation for the Opera shows how warmth can be generated by unconscious friendly friction; and how such warmth becomes a mode of going ahead. And it is a mere matter of the widest possible experience that apparent opposites are ceaselessly productive of great accomplishments; and that individuality healthily directed is perfectly compatible with combined action and loyal good fellowship—and such loyal co-operation is as fascinating to look upon as its opposite is repulsive. I hope at the College we are quite agreed to dispense, if we can, with the selfish, ignorant, stunted and spiteful product of low ideals which is commonly known as the pushful egotist whose view of life is bounded by the idea of 'getting on' in his own little paltry corner—the type which has no conception of fellowship in work, except such fellowship as is implied in getting upstairs with some confiding person's assistance, and kicking him down again when he gets to the top. We hope the College spirit is growing spacious enough to be free from such humiliations. We try to live in confidence that generosity and readiness to recognize ability in others is much more productive of good results than any amount of scheming and undermining to defeat a rival. And the more the College is permeated by such qualities the wider will be its influence; and the more will all who belong to it regard it as a place to love and be proud of.

And in this connection we can turn from the immediate past to the immediate future. For the event which is nearest to us in the future, in this coming term, is the first Annual Dinner of the Royal College Union next Thursday. Now it would be difficult to imagine a more perfect and spontaneous embodiment of College sentiment than the Union. It was the invention of the pupils themselves. It is maintained mainly by past and present pupils, with kindly concessions to the supposed impulses of College officials to have a finger in the pie. It has been expanded and fortified by the devoted ardour of its two secretaries, and it affords a constant

token of community of sentiment to old pupils scattered all over the world.

No doubt sentiment is a word which makes some people squirm—because the thing itself is so basely parodied and betrayed by those who are incapable of it. But you can't have true fellowship without it, and you can't achieve anything really worth doing without it. By sentiment we mean the appreciation of things which are lovable in our fellow men—devotion, unselfishness, sincerity, simplicity and singleness of heart, strenuous effort to do something that is of use to someone without thought of recognition ; and the pathos of heroic mistakes and failures. We have sentiment about ancient buildings because they suggest the generations whose lives and deaths have been associated with them. We have sentiment about ancient institutions, about the homes of great men, about the places where we spent our childhoods, if we had any luck in such things !

Nations that have no long perspective of human effort and expansion are beginning to think they must develop sentiment artificially if their children are to come to any good when they grow up. Our own commercial classes are often unfortunate in finding the sphere of sentiment filled up by the constant preoccupation of money making. The scramble for mere dollars has the pitiful effect of either extinguishing or perverting it. Art, on the other hand, lives upon it, and we who are connected with art so closely may be thankful if we have something solid and extensive which justifies our having some genuine sentiment about it. It is not after all indispensable that anything should be of a venerable age to inspire sentiment. It seems conceivable that an institution might be so fortunate as to accumulate lovable features so rapidly as to inspire sentiments of pride and affection even in twenty-five years. It depends on the extent to which it shows the finer qualities I have spoken of—and that depends upon the individuals who belong to it. If we find the College capable of inspiring such sentiments, we have to thank those who went before us, and praise them for what they were and did. And then we may remember with satisfaction that we all can take our share, and even strengthen it for those who are to come after us, by trying our utmost to live up to the standard so happily achieved.

The Royal College of Music from Within

ORCHESTRAL EXCURSIONS

" Youth is the time to go flashing from one end of the world to the other "—R. L. STEVENSON.

The Orchestra has always been a matter of pride and delight to Collegians, while to those who have been lucky enough to belong to it there is a special feeling of *esprit de corps* which is quite extraordinary. At no time was this feeling stronger than in the years from 1896 to 1902, when the Orchestra had frequent chances of proving its mettle at concerts outside College, and, indeed, often outside London altogether. It is true that older students used to say loftily, ' Ah ! the Orchestra is not what it was in our time,' but since at the period of which I speak it included such members as Sam Grimson, William Read, Philip Lewis, Marie Motto, Helen Egerton, Tom Morris, Haydn Wood, Frank Bridge, Kitty Woolley, Edward Behr, Alice Elieson, R. Purcell-Jones, Edward Mason, Robert Grimson, Eli Hudson, Thomas Dunhill, Gustav von Holst, Evelyn Hunter, Cecil Forsyth, Ivor James, Herbert Kinze—(to take a few names at random from among those trusty and true players)—I think it can hardly be complained that musicianship was lacking in the ranks Sir Charles Stanford led to victory.

And while I am speaking of names, may I ask pardon of those people who will find their names mentioned here without any prefix, just as in former times they appeared on the College programmes ? It is an old custom, and in referring to College affairs it seems more natural to conform to it. Owing to lack of space, I propose here to deal exclusively with the public concerts *outside* London, the first of which took place on November 4, 1896, in the Guildhall at Cambridge. The programme included a performance of Tschaikowsky's ' Pathétique ' Symphony, the Overture to ' William Tell ', the Prelude to ' Die Meistersinger ', Lalo's ' Symphonie Espagnole ', played by Marie Motto, and Ford's Scena from ' Falstaff ', sung by Emlyn Davies. I was not at that time a member of the Band, so can only give a second-hand impression of the affair, but I have always understood it to have been a very enjoyable one, and that Mr Sedley Taylor made a speech in which he said the College Orchestra was as welcome as the flowers in May ! However, by the time the next excursion came

round, I was one of the party, and the trip was to Leicester, for a concert given by J. Herbert Marshall in the Temperance Hall, on December 2, 1897. A special train was provided for us from St. Pancras, and we felt very important then, as on all subsequent occasions, at the notice which we attracted. I dare say it did look rather odd to see a long train of dining cars filled to overflowing with musical folk and their instruments, and the double basses and drums travelling in the guard's van. Such a departure was both elegant and easy, but the return journey was always the really exciting thing, for the train was usually timed to start half-an-hour after the concert finished, and if for any reason the programme got delayed, the most horrible hurry ensued. It was fairly simple to get the performers to the station, and Mrs Bindon and Mr Pownall used to see to the safe arrival of the flock, but Mr Aveling's task with the instruments was distinctly complicated, for the inanimate things had to be loaded on a cart, driven helter-skelter to the station, and literally hurled into the van—when their owners were not looking! On one occasion, which I rather think was this very concert at Leicester, the drums were thrown in as the train was moving out! But indeed, the concert was delayed from the outset, for on the way down a coal train got in front of our special and held it up, so that we only arrived at Leicester five or ten minutes before we were due on the concert platform. Headed by Sir Charles Stanford we hurried in a long procession to the Hall, had a wild search for cloak rooms, and at last found *one*, fit to hold twenty people, which seemed destined for the entire Orchestra. Can anybody imagine the breathless struggle that ensued? Hardly, I think, unless they took part in that confusion of cloaks, hats, wraps, instruments, and human beings. There was a single looking glass over the fireplace, and the boys, with great promptitude, possessed themselves of this end of the room, while the girls had to manage as best they could. What added to our distraction was the fact that one girl had travelled down in her thick winter dress, on account of the cold weather, and now wanted to change into her white orchestra frock. The difficulty was surmounted by ranging six tall girls across a corner, making an impromptu and absolutely effective dressing-room. In spite of these preliminary agitations, the Concert went excellently. There was a large audience, the soloists were Eleanor Jones, Muriel Foster,

Beatrice Foster, James McInnes—(better known now as Campbell McInnes)—while the Orchestra played Brahms' D major Symphony, the Prelude to 'Die Meistersinger' and Dvořák's 'Carnival' Overture. This work came at the end, and we played it with such terrific enthusiasm that tradition says the performer on the cymbals came in with one irresistible crash too much at the close; Sir Charles shook his fist at him, and the audience were transported with delight.

After this, more than a year elapsed before the Orchestra had another excursion, and then the occasion was a concert given by the R.C.M. at Oxford, on March 3, 1899, at 8 p.m., in the Town Hall. As usual we had a special train from Paddington, but the dinner served *en route* was not a specimen of the G.W.R. at its best. The soup was as full of pepper as if it had been made by the Duchess's cook in *Alice*; the meat was raw; there was no pudding; and when the cheese came we had one biscuit apiece doled out with it. When four famishing girls—I was one of them!—made a pathetic appeal for more biscuits, the waiter replied that 'there weren't no more, but he could get plenty of whisky and cigars, if they'd do instead!!' So it was rather a hungry Orchestra that arrived at the Town Hall, only to find a scant and depressing audience. Purcell-Jones was heard to murmur, 'We shall have to applaud ourselves, for there isn't anyone else to do it.' However, the Orchestra rose above fell circumstance, and played as if inspired, while Maud Gay, Ivor Foster, Muriel Foster, Kitty Woolley and Delia Mason covered themselves with glory, as soloists. The overture to 'Coriolan' came first on the programme, Schumann's D minor Symphony came in the middle, and the concert wound up with a lively performance of the Overture to 'Die verkaufte Braut'. By this time we all felt charmingly pleased with ourselves, and when, on our return to the train, we found a liberal supper of tea and bread and butter awaiting us, our views of life were most contented.

I think it must have been the musical success of this concert which led to the College Orchestra being engaged by the Oxford University Musical Club for two concerts during the following winter, on November 8, 1899, and February 7, 1900. Both were afternoon performances, but my memories of the concert on the eighth of November are rather patchy. However, I do recollect that Sir Charles Stanford had influenza, and pluckily

conducted just the same, also I *think* we played the 'Casse-Noisette' Suite, and I *know* we played the Beethoven A major Symphony, because I shall never forget the pace at which we took the last movement. We simply rushed for it ; it was like nothing but a racing sea beneath a storm wind, and it seemed almost impossible that such speed and accuracy could co-exist. But we came through 'without a note spilled', and the interpretation was strikingly effective. I remember Dr. Ernest Walker saying, thoughtfully, afterwards, 'I *never* heard that played so fast before, but I rather think I like it. It is so exciting.' At the concert on the seventh of February, the soloists were Beatrice La Palme, William Scott, and Samuel Epstein, and the Orchestra's best bit of work was Dvořák's 'New World Symphony' which came at the end of the programme.

Following hard on this concert at Oxford came one at Highbury, on February 13, 1900, which deserves to be recorded as a Homeric achievement. It was fixed for 8 p.m. at the Highbury Athenæum, and about 6 p.m. that evening, a furious blizzard came on. How anyone ever reached the Hall is a marvel to this day. There are strange tales of five in a hansom, and eight in a four-wheeler, while other bemuffled wanderers lost their way in the snow, and suffered agonies of mind from the prospective unpunctuality. But by superhuman efforts the Orchestra arrived, and were sitting ready for Sir Charles Stanford when he appeared. I believe he had come through frightful difficulties, and we all gave him a round of applause, because we were so pleased to see him safe. Strange to relate, there was a crowded audience, in spite of the weather, and the programme went excellently, though the players were almost blue with cold. Florence Smith, Haydn Wood, Esmé Atherden and Samuel Epstein were our soloists.

After this hair-raising experience, the Orchestra travelled no more till November of that year, when it went to Oxford for another concert on the eighth of November. Halir had been engaged as solo violinist, while the vocalists were Collegians, being none other than Esmé Atherden (now Mrs Hyde) and Walter Hyde. Halir played the Beethoven Concerto, and I well remember the dismay that fell upon the first fiddles when we realized the ghastly truth that we *couldn't see the beat* ! Those who have seen Halir know that his physical form is almost proportionate to his greatness

as an artist, and they will therefore readily understand why he blocked out the bâton. After struggling through the first movement, conductor and soloist had to change places on the platform, and with renewed sight of Sir Charles, the situation was saved.

A few months later the Orchestra went to Highbury again, on March 19, 1901, but this time happily without any such adventures as marked the previous concert there. Musically, however, this one was more remarkable, since it included the first performance of W. Y. Hurlstone's lovely suite for orchestra 'The Magic Mirror'. Delia Mason, Putnam Griswold, Tom Morris, and Edgar Bainton contributed solos, and we played Glazounow's sixth Symphony.

On May 21, 1901, came a delightful afternoon concert at Oxford. It was Eights Week; the weather perfect, and the whole city *en fête*. Five movements of 'The Magic Mirror', and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony—(was a neat compliment intended?)—were given; Florence Smith played the Grieg Piano Concerto, and Harold Wilde and Delia Mason sang—the former singing Coleridge-Taylor's 'Onaway'. I believe everyone enjoyed this excursion thoroughly, but Sybil Maturin and I were regarded with much envy because we were entertained to lunch at one of the Colleges, asked to tea on the College barge, taken punting afterwards, and generally given a very good time, so we certainly enjoyed ourselves.

The next excursion was to Cambridge, on February 14, 1902, for an evening concert at the Guildhall. The main items were Brahms' Symphony in F, and Elgar's 'Variations', while Haydn Wood played Saint-Saens' 'Rondo Capriccioso', and the two vocalists were Seth Hughes and Alice Turner. The Director conducted at a few hours' notice, Sir Charles having fallen ill, and there is a story which Ivor James tells against himself of how he lost the special train owing to the fog, had to come on by an ordinary, and then glided unobserved into his place.

Last, and not least, of all these excursions, came one on Thursday, June 5, 1902, when we went to Cambridge for a Festival Service in King's College Chapel. Sir Charles Stanford's great Te Deum in B flat, and Brahms' C minor Symphony were given, and owing to the limited space in the choir, only half the Strings could be taken, though of course all the wood wind and brass had to go. We were only eight violins a side, and

had to play heart and soul to make that glorious finale of the Brahms sonorous enough. But it was done, and, even to us, it sounded extraordinarily impressive in that wonderful place.

As regards the actual arrangements for the day, I think nothing can give a better idea than the following extracts from the circular supplied beforehand by Dr. Mann.

Please read this carefully.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE DAY'S PROCEEDINGS

The Great Northern Railway Company has arranged for those coming from King's Cross, London, to travel at a reduced fare of 4s. 3d. for the double journey, available on the day of issue only.

The train will leave King's Cross at 9 o'clock, and reach Cambridge at 10.25.

A conveyance to carry the *instruments* (not the performers), to the College Chapel, will meet the train from King's Cross, arriving at Cambridge Station at 10.25. This conveyance will start from the *Great Northern Station*. It is very desirable (in the interests of the instruments themselves), that they be brought in wooden cases; if not, they are so liable to be damaged.

The Rehearsal (admission by ticket only) will commence punctually at 11.0. Members of the Orchestra must use 'Band' tickets sent to them by the Conductor.

A Luncheon at one o'clock will be provided for those visiting Cambridge (not for residents) at the Lion Hotel, Petty Cury (within two minutes' walk of the College front entrance), tickets for which will be given by the Conductor at the end of the Rehearsal. All those intending to *enjoy this luxurious repast* must produce such tickets or pay for themselves.

The Service will commence punctually at a quarter past two (2.15).

All ladies must wear white dresses and white bonnets or hats.

To enter the chapel they must show their tickets (which will be given them at the Rehearsal) at the *North Door* (opposite Clare College), and pass under the organ to their seats by five minutes past two.

All gentlemen must wear surplices and English University hoods.

Surplices will be provided only for *Visiting* Members of Chorus or Orchestra.

The gentlemen of the Chorus must assemble in the College Hall, *not later than* 2 o'clock, where they will robe and walk in procession to the Chapel, entering by the *South Door*.

The Members of the Band must show their tickets and enter the Chapel by the South Door, they will assemble (to robe, as well as to *tune their instruments*) in the side Chapels on the South side, *i.e.*, right-hand side.

The 'Strings' in the first, second and third Chapels near the door. The 'Woodwind' and 'Brass' in the Musical Library (*i.e.*, through the third Chapel on that side).

All tuning must be done (in the side Chapels) before coming into the Chapel for service.

The Procession for the Service will be led by the gentlemen of the Chorus, followed by the 'Strings', 'Wood-wind' and 'Brass'.

When the Service is finished the gentlemen of the Chorus will lead the procession out.

The Members of the Orchestra will return to the Chapels from whence they started.

It is hoped that the Service will finish by 4.15 o'clock.

All these arrangements worked most successfully, but it was a memorable moment when the surpliced procession filed up the Chapel into the Choir. Those of us already there beheld our colleagues struggling along in the most wonderful misfit of surplices that fancy can picture, or a careless hand dole out. Tall men had tiny surplices, slighter members were attired in robes that literally trailed, while all had difficulty in holding their instruments. The minute they reached their places, what a throwing back of surplice sleeves there was, and pins were much in request! Does Haydn Wood remember, I wonder, the artistic way in which we pinned up his right sleeve to free his bow arm?

Well, this glorious day came to an end only too soon, and with it ended a very delightful series of excursions.

Altogether, when I review those days, I can but cordially agree with a certain pianist who said, in tones of heartfelt envy, 'You Orchestra people are lucky beggars!'

MARION M. SCOTT

College Concerts

"Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety, and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful."—PLATO.

February 4, 1909 (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in A minor, op. 41, No. 1 Schumann
 E. MURIEL PICKUP (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
 LEONARD CARRODUS (Scholar), FRANK BRIDGE
 CEDRIC SHARPE (Scholar).
2. SONGS Two Gipsy Songs, op. 55 Dvořák
 HENRY THOMPSON (Scholar.)
3. PIANO SOLOS—
 a. Berceuse } from Twelve Studies,
 b. Ronde des Sylphes } op. 11
 c. Toccata, op. 7 Liapounow
 ELLEN EDWARDS (Scholar). Schumann

4. SONG Vogl'io morir *Astorga*
EVELYN JENNINGS (Scholar).
5. SONATA for Piano and Violin, in G major, op. 96 *Beethoven*
ELLEN TUCKFIELD (Scholar), THOMAS PEATFIELD (Scholar).
6. DUETS a. Die Meere *Brahms*
b. Weg der Liebe
MARGUERITE OWEN, A.R.C.M. GLADYS HISLOP.
7. ORGAN SOLO Dithyramb *B. Harwood*
REGINALD THATCHER (Scholar).

ACCOMPANISTS—

CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE, ELLEN TUCKFIELD (Scholar).

February 12, 1909 (Orchestral)

1. SYMPHONIC POEM Aus Böhmen's Hain und Flur *Smetana*
(Mein Vaterland, No. 4)
2. AIR Mentre ti lascio *Mozart*
W. JAMESON DODDS.
3. CONCERTO for Piano & Orchestra, No. 2, in F minor, op. 21 *Chopin*
ELLEN EDWARDS (Scholar).
4. SCENA Infelice *Mendelssohn*
KATHERINE VINCENT.
5. SYMPHONY, No. 4, in E minor, op. 98 *Brahms*

CONDUCTOR—

SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L. LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.

February 25, 1909 (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in G major, op. 64, No. 4 *Haydn*
GIULIETTA MOTTO (Scholar), THOMAS PEATFIELD (Scholar),
REBECCA CLARKE (Exhibitioner), HAROLD PICKETT (Scholar).
2. SONG The West Wind loved the Willow *A. Goring Thomas*
GLADYS COPPIN.
3. FANTASIESTÜCKE for Piano and Clarinet, op. 73 *Schumann*
ELLEN EDWARDS (Scholar), CLIFFORD FOSTER (Scholar).
4. SONGS Two Freebooter Songs *W. Wallace*
JOHN IRELAND (Scholar-Elect).
5. PIANO SOLOS Three Concert Studies *Harold E. Darke*
(First Performance) *Scholar.*
1. Allegro ma grazioso. 2. Allegro agitato—poco piu lento e tranquillo.
3. Allegro ma non presto e rubato.
HAROLD E. DARKE, A.R.C.M.
6. SONGS a. Verborgenheit *Hugo Wolf*
b. Der Schmied *Brahms*
EDITH LEITCH.
7. SERENADE in D minor, op. 44 *Dvořák*
For 2 Hautboys, 2 Clarinets, 2 Bassoons, 3 Horns, Violoncello and
Double Bass.

H HALSTEAD (Scholar). L. H. FITZGERALD (Scholar).
C. FOSTER (Scholar), H. P. DRAPER (Scholar), W. H. FOOTE,
R. TUPPER (Scholar), A. E. DAVIN (Scholar), F. T. STEPHENS (Scholar).
B. J. MUSKETT, C. SHARPE (Scholar), E. CRUFT (Scholar).
CONDUCTOR—EDWARD G. TOYE (Scholar-Elect).

ACCOMPANISTS—

CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE, ELLEN TUCKFIELD (Scholar).

March 11, 1909 (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in D minor, op. posth. Schubert
DOROTHY DEVIN (Scholar), ANTONIO PIEDRA,
FRANK BRIDGE, FELIX SALMOND (Scholar).
2. SONGS a. Lullaby
b. Lookin' Back Hamilton Harty
DOROTHY WEBB, A.R.C.M.
3. DUET for Two Pianos Schumann
Andante and Variations in B flat, op. 46.
FLORENCE COTTERELL (Scholar), A.R.C.M.,
MARY VICKERY (Exhibitioner).
4. SONG From Rosy Bowers Purcell
FLORENCE BARROW.
5. SONATA for Piano and Violoncello, in A major, op. 69 Beethoven
IOAN POWELL (Scholar). FELIX SALMOND (Scholar).
6. SONGS a. A Voice by the Cedar Tree A. Somervell
b. We sway along A. Mallinson
GEORGE A. BAKER (Scholar.)
7. TRIO for Piano and Strings, in G minor, op. 110 Schumann
ELLEN TUCKFIELD (Scholar). DOROTHY DEVIN (Scholar).
FELIX SALMOND (Scholar).
ACCOMPANIST—ELLEN TUCKFIELD (Scholar).

March 18, 1909 (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in F, op. 59 Beethoven
SIDNEY BOSTOCK (Exhibitioner), DOROTHY DEVIN (Scholar),
FRANK BRIDGE, FELIX SALMOND (Scholar).
2. SONGS a. In Linden Lea arr. by R. Vaughan Williams
b. The Sea Wrack Hamilton Harty
MARIE WRIGHT.
3. SONATA for Piano and Violoncello, in F major, op. 6 R. Strauss
MARJORIE ADAM (Scholar), ELLEN BARTLETT (Scholar-Elect).
4. SONG Stirb, Lieb' und Freud' Schumann
W. JAMIESON DODDS.
5. ORGAN SOLO Fugue (with Introduction) Liszt
'Ad nos, ad salutarem undam'
ALFRED MILLARD (Scholar).
6. SONG Es muss was Wunderbares sein Ries
JEAN FYANS.
7. QUINTET for Piano and Strings, in F minor, op. 34 Brahms
ELLEN EDWARDS (Scholar), SIDNEY BOSTOCK (Exhibitioner),
DOROTHY DEVIN (Scholar), FRANK BRIDGE,
FELIX SALMOND (Scholar).
ACCOMPANIST—CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE.

March 29, 1909 (Choral and Orchestral) — Haydn Centenary Memorial Concert.

(JOSEPH HAYDN, BORN 1732, DIED 1809).

1. SYMPHONY in D major, No. 14 Haydn
2. MOTET Insanæ et vanæ curæ Haydn

3. CONCERTO for Violoncello and Orchestra, in D major
(two movements) *Haydn*
FELIX SALMOND (Scholar).
4. AIR Pro peccatis (*Stabat Mater*).. .. *Haydn*
GEORGE BAKER (Scholar.)
5. MOTET Exaltabo te Domine *Palestrina*
6. RECITATIVE AND AIR .. In native worth *Haydn*
FRANK WEBSTER (Scholar.)
7. CONCERTO for Piano and Orchestra, in C sharp minor, op. 30 *Rimsky Korsakoff*
BREWSTER H. JONES (Scholar.)
8. VARIATIONS on a Theme by Haydn, op. 56a *Brahms*

CONDUCTOR—SIR CHARLES STANFORD.

The Flute Player

*"Let me drink the spirit of that sweet sound
More, oh more!—I am thirsting yet!
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart, to stifle it;
The dissolving strain, through every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain."*—P. B. SHELLEY.

Who has time, in our Europe of this century, to sit quiet and to dream, to let the hours run by, golden or grey, heedless of their passing? We find our joy, or, at least, our pleasure, in energy of various kinds, in persistent work, or in equally persistent play. We toil in creation, or we toil in recreation, fearing to be alone, fearing to sit 'with our hands before us', to meditate, to brood, to fall into idle reveries. And, indeed, in almost any city, reverie is apt to be tinged with sadness, in any crowded country to be doing nothing seems hardly less than a sin.

It is not so in the East, and, perhaps, the East can teach the children of the West a lesson, if they will put aside their prejudices, if they are willing to be in it for a little while as are the children of the sun.

I remember very well when I first visited the desert.

I came into it at sunset through a huge natural gateway of rock. As I passed out into the fringe of the great Sahara, and saw the first oasis, a green cloud of palms in the midst of yellow and brown sterility, the first Arab village my eyes had ever rested on, I heard a faint trickle of music, of that strange music of the Sahara which seems akin to the mirage. Although I had been a rather inefficient student at the Royal College, had not seldom distracted Sir Walter Parratt, Doctor Gladstone, and

Mr Algernon Ashton, by my vehement endeavours to overcome the difficulties of Bach and other mighty ones, although I had been to scores of concerts and dozens of performances of opera, I had never before heard any music like this.

The sinking sun turned the bare mountains that keep this beginning of the desert to rose colour, the tufted heads of the thousands of palm trees swayed in the light and feathery breeze, and the hidden flute player threw out a spray of thin and delicate notes, frail and silvery and wayward, as the water-spray cast up by a fountain.

I strove to locate the sound, and presently, close to the slowly flowing river that skirts the red village of El-Kantara, and disappears among the palms, I found an Arab boy, wrapped in a white burnouse, with yellow slippers on his bare brown feet. He was squatting in the shadow cast by an orange-coloured rock, staring meditatively before him with huge dark eyes which, though strangely expressive, told nothing of his thoughts, while ceaselessly he played on a flute of reed his love song of the Sahara. Afterwards I got to know him well. His name was Mahmoud, and he was the first of the desert people to realize for me one of my dreams of the East.

As his burnouse wrapped his body, fatalism seemed to wrap his soul. Never could I discover that he had any desire in life, any ambition, any expectation. He had been arbitrarily called into life, so he sat down in the scheme of things created and he proceeded to play upon the flute. I don't think he had any wish to 'arrive' in music. When I praised his performance no change came into his face. One could not conceive of him 'practising'. He possessed lips, hands and a flute. So he sat him down and played. There was no more passion in his love-song than there is in the cuckoo's cry. Yet I know it was a love-song, because he informed me that it was about a girl, with feet like the gazelle, a face like the rising moon, and bracelets as the grains of the sand for multitude.

I enquired, more than once, if he loved this fortunate lady. The answer was always 'Yes', and once, as if in explanation of his attachment, he added, 'She very old!' After this I thought wise to make no more searching enquiries, lest romance should fade away. That first evening I left Mahmoud playing in the sunset when I bade the Sahara good-bye

for the night, and went back to sleep in the gorge. In the brilliance of the next morning I heard him playing again. So long as I stayed at El-Kantara he seemed to be always sitting by the river and playing the flute. And always he was alone.

From Mahmoud I learnt repose, to live for awhile happily without desire, to sit contentedly and dream in the sun. I went on into the desert, and there I learnt much more. I learnt the meaning of peace, the joy of losing all sense of fear—seldom tasted in Western lands—the truth of resignation. Always I forget these things when I come away from the desert, and always I remember and grasp them when I return. The desert is their home.

The time came for me to leave Africa that year, and to plunge once more into grimy London. Again I passed through the gate of the desert, this time with my face set towards the Tell ; and, as I did so, I heard fading, fading away, as the trembling mirage fades away in the sunshine among the dunes, the twitter of Mahmoud's flute. It was in my heart to envy him and his life of eternal love-songs. But I could not stay. My instrument, alas ! was not the flute of reed.

Soon I was back in London ; I saw the Albert Memorial ; a crossing sweeper saluted me ; a yellow fog embraced me ; a smut settled upon my British countenance ; and I felt that I was at home. Nevertheless, despite the soft blandishments of the murky siren, there were moments—so discontented is man !—when I longed for the red mountains, the palm trees, the tawny sun-washed flats. There were moments when I desired the sound of a little flute, throwing a spray of airy music towards a cloudless sky. Not even the Albert Memorial completely filled my heart. And yet it is declared that the less cannot contain the greater.

A year passed, more than a year, and there came a black day of 'seasonable weather'. It was so seasonable that I threw up the sponge. I went to a certain office, paid some money, and received a ticket—to Mahmoud's flute.

Once more, as the sun declined, I went through the giant's door, and, directly I was beyond it, I stood still and listened.

Of course I did not expect to hear anything. The months had passed, bearing away their tribute of persons, and of events. For all I knew,

Mahmoud was dead, and his flute broken and silent for ever ; or he had, perhaps, married the lady of the bracelets, and become *père de famille*.

Yet I stood still and listened, and almost immediately I heard a flute. That was a moment of sharp pleasure. I shut my eyes, and I tried to make myself believe that when I opened them I should perceive the Albert Memorial. Then I opened them and I saw the red mountains, the palm trees, the hard flats on which glittered crystals like brilliant jewels, and I went towards the music.

Yes, it actually was Mahmoud. Wrapped in his burnouse, he was squatting under the orange-coloured rock, staring at the desert, and throwing his spray of music out to the radiant evening.

He showed no surprise at seeing me.

I sat down beside him. I told him I had been away for more than a year, that I had been in London. He gazed upon me calmly. I asked him what he had been doing during the months of my absence.

'I have been sitting here', he answered.

'Every day?' I enquired.

He did not reply. He seemed to be sunk in a dream.

'And always playing the flute?' I said.

'Yes', he roused himself to say.

'And are you always in love?'

'Yes.'

He paused. Then he added, in his calm contralto voice, that the lady had feet like the gazelle, a face like the rising moon, and bracelets innumerable as the grains of the desert sand.

'And is she always very old?' I murmured

'Yes, she very old.'

And he began to play once more.

Peace descended upon me, a sense of calm and of soft repose, not to be known in the shadow of the Albert Memorial. What mattered it that the lady one loved was very old? What mattered anything? Let day follow day. Wrap yourself in your burnouse, wander to your orange-coloured rock, squat down and play your flute, Mahmoud, child of the desert. You teach me the great lesson, you teach me resignation. What is the use of rebellion? 'She very old!' It is fate. Useless

to wish that she were delightfully young. Useless to wish anything.

The sun is shining, the palm trees are swaying, the crystals gleam in the desert. Let us wrap ourselves in the burnouse, and put the flute to our lips, and let us send forth our love-song, our serenade to our fate. Alas! 'She very old!' But things might be worse. For has she not feet like the gazelle, a face like the rising moon, and bracelets innumerable as are the grains of the desert sand?

So let us throw up our spray of little delicate notes; and, perhaps, we, too, like Mahmoud, shall bring peace to some listening stranger who has sought us in the desert.

ROBERT HICHENS.

A Daffodil

When lifeless every flower and tree,
And, tempest-tossed, the angry sea
Is thundering unrestrainedly

And shivery—so shivery!

Where kindly earth will shelter me
And cruel winter cannot be,
I wait my call complacently

And cosily—so cosily!

Spring gently whispers 'You are free
'The sun has used his golden key;
'Old earth is smiling faintly

And laughingly—so laughingly!

My yellow head I lift, and see,
The world is good as good can be
And laughing unrestrainedly

And cheerfully—so cheerfully!

And busy every grassy lea
With careless butterfly and bee.
I nod my head assuredly—

But daintily—so daintily!

H. B. G.

The Patron's Fund.

"What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?"—LORD BYRON."

Below we give the programmes of the Concerts given under the auspices of the Patron's Fund during last year.

Tenth Concert, July 14, 1908 (Orchestral)

1. VARIATIONS on a Sarabande of Handel James Lyon
2. FANTASIA "Morar" Paul Corder
3. SCENA for Soprano and Orchestra "Maud" (Tennyson) Emily M. Lucas
MISS GLADYS HONEY.
4. CONCERTO in F Sharp Minor for Piano and Orchestra .. Montague F. Phillips
MISS IRENE SCHARRE.
5. SONGS OF SELMA John St. A. Johnson
MR. ALBERT WATSON.
6. FANTASY OVERTURE (From the West Country) Fritz B. Hart

THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

CONDUCTORS:

THE COMPOSERS AND SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., M.A., Mus. Doc.

Eleventh Concert, December 7, 1908 (Chamber)

1. TRIO for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, in E Flat .. Edward Isaacs
MR. EDWARD ISAACS, MR. N. BLINDER, AND MR. J. LEO SMITH.
2. SONGS—
 - (a) I look into the Eyes I love .. Felix H. White
 - (b) It was out by Donnycarney .. G. Molyneaux Palmer
 - (c) The Roadside Fire Ernest Farrer
MR. GEORGE BAKER.
3. PIANOFORTE SOLOS Frank Tapp
 - (a) Intermezzo in A flat major
 - (b) Cameo in C minor
 - (c) Caprice in G minor
 - (d) Caprice in G major, "Ariel."
MR. FRANK TAPP.
4. SONGS Felix H. White
 - (a) Wishes of Youth
 - (b) New Life, new Love
MISS ROSE DUCANE (Accompanied by the Composer)
5. PIANOFORTE SOLO Scherzo-Toccata, in B flat minor, Op. 14 Percival Garratt
MR. PERCIVAL GARRATT.
6. SONGS—
 - (a) Les Cloches }
 - (b) Mandoline } Claude Debussy
 - (c) Menuet de Martini arr. Weckerlin
 - (d) Escoute d'Jeannetto (*Les Deux Savoyards*) .. Dalayrac
MISS FLORENCE MACNAUGHTON
7. CONCERTSTÜCK for String Quartet in A major, No. 2 .. George Dyson
MR ARTHUR BECKWITH, MR. SUTHERLAND MACKAY, MR. JAMES LOCKYER,
AND MR. CHARLES WARWICK-EVANS.
AT THE PIANO MR. F. A. SEWELL

The following is a list of the Grants made from the Patron's Fund during the year 1908.

Mr. G. M. Palmer, towards the cost of publishing "The Abbot."
(Dublin Prize Cantata.)

Mr. Felix Swinstead, towards the cost of publishing "Four English Ballets."

Mr. Hubert Bath, towards the cost of publishing "Four Rossetti Sonnets."

Miss Hilda Lett, for study abroad.

Mr. T. F. Dunhill, towards expenses of concerts of British Chamber Music. (2nd grant.)

The Dramatic Class

*"To sing a song that old was sung,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes."*—Pericles.

A very delightful performance of 'Twelfth Night' was given by the members of the Dramatic Class, on Tuesday, February 23, 1909, at The Bijou Theatre, Westbourne Grove, in aid of the R.C.M. Football Club. The acting of the members of the caste had about it that freshness and enthusiasm which is characteristic of a College performance, whether in Opera, Concert, or the Drama.

It would take too long to say all the nice things one might about the performances of the individual members, but mention must be made of the really charming singing of Mr G. H. Thomas in the part of the *Clown*. Miss H. C. Harris, as *Maria*, entered into her part with the greatest vivacity, and thoroughly enjoyed the tricks which she played upon the unfortunate *Malvolio*, whose self-conceit, foolishness and eventual despair, were vividly depicted by Mr E. W. Roper. Miss B. Goold-Adams was a charming *Viola*, and it would have been difficult to say whether she or *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* (Miss H. Jameson), were more chicken-hearted in the duel scene. Miss D. Simpson made a delightful *Olivia*, and Miss D. Arnell a fine-looking *Orsino*. Mr J. R. Roxburgh gave a capital interpretation of the part of *Sir Toby Belch*, and much of the success of the performance was due to his efforts and to those of Miss Goold-Adams.

The Alexandra House Orchestra, under Miss Daymond, played with its usual spirit, and the dresses of the Company were excellent. The music of the *Clown's* songs was composed by Sir Charles Stanford and Mr

W. Augustus Barratt, being specially scored for the occasion by Miss Daymond.

A very large proportion of the Office Staff most kindly gave their services, both before and behind the footlights, and Mrs Flowers was very useful in the dressing-rooms.

It is satisfactory to hear that close on £11 was cleared for the Football Club.

It is greatly to be hoped that the Dramatic Class will make their performance an annual affair, and to this end it would be considerate of the Football Club to be in want of funds annually, that the Dramatic Class may have an excuse, if any were needed, of giving us again, many times, an evening as enjoyable as was that of February 23, 1909.

Mr Cairns James is to be congratulated on the high standard to which his class attained.

Subjoined is the caste :—

Dramatis Personæ

ORSINO (Duke of Illyria)	D. ARNELL
SEBASTIAN (Brother to Viola)	M. SALE
ANTONIO (A Sea-Captain, Friend to Sebastian)	E. F. BROWN
VALENTINE	} (Gentlemen attending on the Duke)	..	{ H. PARR M. FRANKLIN
CURIO			
SIR TOBY BELCH (Uncle to Olivia)	J. R. ROXBURGH
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEECK	H. JAMESON
MALVOLIO (Steward to Olivia)	E. W. ROPER
FABIAN	} (Servants to Olivia)	{ W. K. HARRIS G. H. THOMAS
CLOWN			
A SEA CAPTAIN (Friend to Viola)	H. INGLEBY
PRIEST	I. STIVEN
FIRST OFFICER	J. W. BIRRELL
SECOND OFFICER	H. THOMPSON
OLIVIA (A rich countess)	D. SIMPSON
VIOLA (In love with the Duke)	B. GOOLD-ADAMS
MARIA (Olivia's woman)	H. C. HARRIS
LADIES in attendance on Olivia	B. ELLIOT, H. INGLEBY, I. STIVEN	
LORDS AND MUSICIANS in attendance on the Duke	M. HOPCRAFT, V. HOPPER, W. WILLIAMSON	
SERVANTS to Malvolio	J. W. BIRRELL, H. THOMPSON	

The Royal Collegian Abroad

"No distance of place or lapse of time can lessen the friendship of those who are thoroughly persuaded of each other's worth."—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Miss Auriol Jones gave a very successful Recital at Bechstein Hall, on Thursday evening, March 11, when she was assisted by Miss Beatrice Evelyn, with Mr Harold Samuel as accompanist. Miss Jones' interpretation of the Brahms Sonata in C major is spoken of as a noble and noteworthy feature of the programme, and she was also very successful in her rendering of Mr Frank Bridge's Capriccio in F sharp minor.

* * *

News reaches us of a Recital given by Miss Olive Blume in Johannesburg in the early part of March, which was splendidly successful.

* * *

Mr Thomas Dunhill has continued his admirable series of Chamber Concerts, three most enjoyable performances being given at Steinway Hall, on March 5, March 12, and March 19, when he had the assistance of the Grimson Quartet and Mrs Fyans, besides other artists who were not Collegians. At the second concert a fine Sonata in D minor for Violin and Piano by Mr Dunhill, was given for the first time.

* * *

The Nolanders String Quartet, of which Miss Maude Scruby is the 'cellist, gave a successful concert in the Æolian Hall on Tuesday afternoon, March 16. The programme was well chosen, and consisted of the Quartet in G major of Mozart, and that in A minor (Op. 29) of Schubert, divided by a group of songs sung by Mr Marcus Thomson.

* * *

Miss Gwendolen Trevitt met with much success in the Winter Opera Season at Covent Garden, appearing as the Cousin in the various performances of 'Madame Butterfly', and also singing in 'The Angelus', etc.

College was well represented at this Opera season, for Miss Gleeson-White, Miss Maria Yelland, Miss Gwendolen Trevitt, Mr Walter Hyde, Mr Byndon-Ayres, Mr Albert Garcia and Mr Francis Harford were all engaged by the Grand Opera Syndicate.

* * *

Mr Albert Garcia gave a most successful Recital at Bechstein Hall on April 2, when he was assisted by Mr Paul Ludwig. His choice of songs covered a wide range, including French, German, Italian and English compositions, and a specially interesting feature to Collegians was the Song-Cycle 'Songs of Life and Adventure' by Herbert Hughes, which was given for the first time in public.

* * *

Miss Gwendolen Holliday has returned from Hamilton, Ontario, where she was on the staff of the Conservatory of Music, and is now teaching singing in London, where there is every prospect of her achieving as marked success as characterised her stay in Canada.

* * *

The third and fourth Chamber Concerts of Miss Annie Kenwood's winter season were given on Monday, January 18 and Monday, February 22, in the Lecture Hall, London Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, when she was assisted by the following artists, nearly all of them Collegians, *viz.*, Mr Herbert Kinze, Mr Hindenberg,

Miss Sybil Maturin, Mr Ivor James, Miss Maude Scruby, Mr James Friskin and Fräulein Betty Hirsch. The programmes included Rudorff's Sextet for Strings, Opus 5, Tschaiakowsky's String Quartet in D major, Brahms' piano Quartet in G Minor, and Dvořák's piano Quintet, opus 81; all of these works being ably led by Miss Kenwood.

* * *

Mr James Friskin's two concerts in January, at Æolian Hall, with Mr Gervase Elwes, were a thorough success, and the programmes on both occasions were most artistic and enjoyable.

* * *

Too late for inclusion in our last number came news of two entertainments which were got up by Miss Hyett in Grahamstown. The first, Miss Hyett tells us, she was proud of; the second was a popular success—which remark needs no interpretation! The *Queenstown Daily Representative and Free Press* is full of praise for Miss Hyett's enthusiastic conductorship and organization, and those over here who came in contact with Miss Hyett's vigorous mind will cordially endorse the appreciation bestowed upon her work in Grahamstown. 'As for the choice of music,' says Miss Hyett, 'it was simply what I could get in the country. Capetown cannot even produce a full score of anything!' This refers, of course, to the second, orchestral, concert—the popular one!

* * *

Mr H. G. Ley, late R.C.M. Organ Exhibitioner, has been elected President of the Oxford Univ. Mus. Club.

* * *

Mr Emil Kreuz has had a great share in the artistic success of the past Opera Season—so says Dr Hans Richter, who has congratulated him heartily upon the success of his work with the soloists—especially the 'Siegfried' of Mr Cornelius, but above all on his achievements as Director of the Chorus, when he describes the work of Mr Kreuz as 'exemplary indeed!'

* * *

The first performance of Mr G. M. Palmer's cantata 'The Abbot of Innisfallen' is to be in May, at the 'Feis Ceoil', Dublin.

* * *

Mrs Deane (Miss Grace Batchelder) has met with great success on her recent trip to Johannesburg. She gave the major part of the programme at a Johannesburg Musical Society's Concert, in January, her solos including Beethoven's 'Sonata Appassionata', Schumann's 'Études Symphoniques', Liszt's transcription of the Tannhäuser Overture, and pieces by Brahms, Chopin and Moszkowski. She was also invited by Lady Selbourne to give a private Recital at Government House, and she played at two Organ Recitals given by Mr Deane. She had an excellent reception, and has been invited to go again before long.

* * *

Best congratulations to Mr Cyril B. Rootham, who was married on March 17, at St. Luke's, Chelsea, to Miss Rosamond Margaret Lucas.

* * *

Mr Harold Darke's quartet in B minor, Op. 6, for clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano, was played for the very first time, at the fifth concert of the London Chamber Concert Association, and the *Times* avers that in musical value it more than held its own with the other two pieces—Max Reger's Serenade in D, Op. 77, and Dubois's Quintet in F.

From a Sketch Book

I.

THE CANAL

Grim slimy passages and grey-green walls ;
The ceaseless drip and lap
Of water on tall rotting piles, rope-gnarred ;
Dark buildings towering high ;
And from the narrow sky,
A blade of blind white sun that strikes a gap
And through the fog-bank falls
On barge and oily swell and roof and yard.

II.

THE WEED-FIRE

A silver mist is on the wood
And billows over field and heath ;
Frail gossamer festoons the brake
And tangles all the brown-dried fern :
The copper sun has doffed his hood
And glimmers through the earth's damp breath,
While, curling like a red-tongued snake,
I see the woodman's weed-fire burn.

E. DOUGLAS TAYLER

A.D. 1959. A Nightmare

"Storming at the gates of Sense."—WHITTIER.

The acrobab put us down on the roof of Queen's Hall in good time for the 'Prom.' nearly skidding down the chute which conveyed the audience into the auditorium. A harsh shout of 'Stanback there !' from the boy with the megaphone, and Blake and I were slid breathlessly down into the grand circle, where we alighted gasping opposite two soft and bulging armchairs numbered to correspond with our tickets.

Recovering from a momentary giddiness, I looked about me. The vast orchestra was coming into its place from the two side doors,

bearing enormous and grotesque-looking instruments unfamiliar to me. After a quarter-of-a-century hunting for radium in the Fiji Islands, I was prepared for some surprises in old England; and old England had not failed me, so far, in this respect. I was curious to hear what progress had been made musically, and Blake (who should really have been KY 30251 to me, seeing that people were chiefly identified by their motor-numbers now), had proposed the Promenade concert.

The orchestra consisted almost entirely of children, whose coiffures reminded me very strongly of the Fiji islanders I had lately left. Everyone wore eyeglasses of one pattern or another, and the little boy with the contra-bass tuba had a pair of double-telescopes attached to his head, Blake informing me that he was a magnificent player, but a trifle short-sighted.

'Are they all brass instruments?' I enquired, with some apprehension.

'Not all,' said Blake, 'most of those trumpet-things are sound-magnifiers. Make a wonderful diff., you know, when they connect 'em up.'

There were many strange contrivances to be seen, some of which Blake identified as bassophones, tympolini, contrapumpatubes and the like. There was also a vast cavernous affair which I had taken to be an emergency exit, but which he informed me was merely a goliath-horn, blown by a 40 h.p. electric motor, 'a most valuable and effective addition to the brass—can make itself heard through anything.' The goliath-horn had been invented specially for Richard Strauss's twentieth opera, to encourage a new *prima-donna*.

I glanced at the programme. It consisted exclusively of British music, a sign at which I rejoiced. The first item was a concert-overture by Josiah Brookhole, entitled 'Pandemonium', and based on a poem of Edwin Algy Pope, whose works the composer had set himself to illustrate musically. He had scored for 'the usual full orchestra, with the addition of two thunderdrones, a family of hubbuboboes and a cataclysmograph, the last being used only in the finale.' This sounded ominous.

The orchestra began tuning. It was a disagreeable sound, with all the new tone-qualities bellowing, screaming, and performing the usual

preliminary feats of virtuosity. The sound grew in intensity, till I was compelled to stop my ears.

'This is awful!' I shouted to Blake, 'why don't they get their tuning done before they come on?'

Blake glared. 'Tuning?' he replied in a yell, 'Man alive, that's the overture!'

I collapsed. Then a thought struck me. Blake was pleased to jest. There was no conductor as yet.

I shrieked my suspicion into Blake's left ear. He merely shook his head, and I waited in an unbearable state of cold perspiration until the awful din was finished. Then I repeated my remark.

'Conductor?' said Blake, irritably, 'why, he's up top. They keep him in a little quiet box where he will not be disturbed, and he conducts by electricity. Conducting's a great intellectual business, I can tell you, nowadays. Every music-desk has a little automatic baton just above the music. Principle of the telautograph, you know. Much greater precision obtained that way.'

'That sounds all very well,' I admitted, 'but if that awful row was meant for music, why didn't anybody applaud?'

'Bless you, that sort of thing has all been stopped years ago. We just register a vote, like this —' he pressed a button on the ledge in front. 'That signifies approval' he said. I looked about rather eagerly. 'What do you do for the —er—opposite?' I enquired. 'We merely refrain' replied Blake. I refrained.

The orchestra, after a brief pause, resumed this fantastic performance. We had come into smoother waters for a little while and one could think calmly by ignoring the noise. I looked down the other items. "'Scena for Super-soprano' from the opera *Wehe, the Witch, or the Daughter of Hate*," by a rising young student from the Royal — of Music. "Three sketches, 'In a Graveyard', first produced by a fund for the encouragement of British composers. (These sketches had been 'made' by Press opposition, Blake told me. They were 'hot stuff'.) A couple of songs by Sorrel Skitt; "a Symphonic Ode 'The Great Plague and Great Fire of London, with Limelight Effects'; a group of Nineteenth Century Folk-Songs", 'awtully quaint old stuff' said Blake, 'mostly in the obsolete

Major and Minor modes'; a "Piano Concerto ('Woodbroad' Pneumatic three-manual concert grand, detached console and special *ffff* pedal attachment)"; and, lastly, "'Three Hooligan Dances' from *In the Slums* by —."

The orchestra had run straight from the second movement into the finale before anything could be done to stop them. It was just then that a great light dawned upon me. The music was enharmonic, and the 'obsolete Major and Minor modes' were merged into one glorious and all-embracing gamut of twenty-one evenly-tempered sounds to the octave. It was a superabundance of small intervals that had made me think of strings being tuned.

The sound-magnifiers came freely into use. They did indeed 'make a wonderful diff'. Climax rose upon climax, weird and terrifying. The goliath-horn began its fell work. Some of the string-players stood up to get more purchase on their unhappy instruments; an old gentleman in the promenade threw his hat on to the platform, followed by an umbrella, and began to howl and stamp in a frenzy of ungovernable excitement; he was removed by two attendants, struggling fiercely. A lady behind me fainted, and slid down under her chair with a horrible cry. I thought the boy with the double-telescopes would fall into the goliath-horn. Then a heavily armoured man approached the cataclysmograph at a run. Two babies fell from the balcony into the promenade; the lights went out and I felt the floor rock. 'This' shouted Blake to me, 'is the New Cadence, you hear it often in Brookhole's Orchestral —'.

* * * * *

I scrambled up off the floor to find the morning sun streaming through my window-curtains. The blackbird in the poplar outside was singing his old, old cadence 'Hullo, Billy, where are you?' Ah! where indeed? Of the two I thought I preferred the old.

DINER OUT.

The Term's Awards

"Do not be in a hurry to succeed. What would you have to live for afterwards? Better make the horizon your goal: it will always be ahead of you."—G. B. SHAW.

The following awards were made at the end of the Easter Term, 1909:

CHARLOTTE HOLMES EXHIBITION (£15)—

Evelyn M. Pickup (A.R.C.M.) (Violin).

- PAUER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION (£7 10s. od.) for a Piano Student being *proxime* in the Open Scholarship Competition—
 Rosaline E. Moses.
- COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS (£50)—
- | | | |
|-------------------------------|----------|-----------|
| Cecilia J. Williamson | ('Cello) | £6 |
| Viola B. Tree | } | (Singing) |
| Florence Barrow | | |
| Florence S. Taylor | | |
| Adelaide E. Parker (A.R.C.M.) | | |
| | (Organ) | 12 |
- CLEMENTI EXHIBITION (value about £28) for Pianoforte Playing—
 Gladys A. Slade.
- ORGAN EXTEMPORESING PRIZE (value £3 3s.)—
 Eric W. Gritton (A.R.C.M.) (Scholar).
- HENRY LESLIE (HEREFORDSHIRE PHILHARMONIC) PRIZE (£10) for Singers—
 William J. Dodds.
- ARTHUR SULLIVAN PRIZE (£5) for Composition—
 Harold E. Darke (A.R.C.M.) (Scholar).
- SCHOLEFIELD PRIZE (£3) for String Players—
 Thomas Peatfield (Scholar) (Violin).
- DANNREUTHER PRIZE (£9 9s.) for the best performance of a Pianoforte Concerto with Orchestra—
 Ellen C. Edwards (Scholar).
- MURIEL FOSTER (MRS GOETZ) PRIZE (£10 10s.) for Female Singers—
 Gladys M. E. Honey (Scholar).
- CHALLEN & SON GOLD MEDAL for Pianoforte Playing—
 William D. Murdoch (Scholar).
- GOLD MEDAL presented by Raja Sir S. M. Tagore of Calcutta for the most generally deserving pupil—
 Harold E. Darke (A.R.C.M.) (Scholar).
- JOHN HOPKINSON MEDALS for Pianoforte Playing—
 Gold Medal William D. Murdoch (Scholar).
 Silver Medal Grace A. Humphery (Scholar).
- ELOCUTION CLASS—
 Helena C. Harris Director's Prize.
 Eric W. Roper Registrar's Prize.
 Gladys Haig (A.R.C.M.) Mr Cairns James's Improvement Prize
- OPERATIC CLASS—PRIZES OF—
 £1 1s., presented by Miss Kate Anderson (Mrs Bevan)—
 Florence Barrow.
 £1 1s., presented by Miss Fanny Heywood—
 Gladys A. Coppin.
 £1 1s., presented by Sir Hubert Parry—
 Florence S. Taylor.
 £2 2s., presented by Henry Blower, Esq.—
 Dorothy E. M. Webb (A.R.C.M.)
- BRISTOL SCHOLARSHIP—
 Florence K. Kenderdine (Violin).
- HEYWOOD-LONSDALE (SHROPSHIRE) SCHOLARSHIP—
 Dorothea M. Williams (Piano).
- THE DIRECTOR'S HISTORY PRIZE for the Christmas Term, 1908, was awarded to
 Eric F. Brown.

The R.C.M. Union

"Hast thou a friend, visit him often, for thorns and brushwood obstruct the road which no one treads."—Eastern Proverb.

FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND FIRST ANNUAL DINNER

Thursday, January 14, was a busy day in Union annals ; to begin with, the Fourth Annual General Meeting was held at College, preceded by the usual informal tea-party at 4 o'clock in the Concert Hall, when the attendance of Members was even larger than on former occasions. The Business Meeting followed at 5, the President taking the chair. The Minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed, the Report and Balance Sheet for the year were read and adopted, the Hon. Officers elected for the ensuing year, and Members elected to fill the vacancies on the Committee. The question of local branches of the R.C.M. Union was discussed, and the General Committee empowered to draw up a scheme for the formation and working of such branches, to be submitted to a Special General Meeting to be summoned for the purpose.

So far, proceedings followed the beaten track, but after the Meeting was over, a new departure was made, for the First Annual Dinner was held at the Criterion Restaurant, in the King's Room, at 7.30 for 8 p.m. A large number of members assembled, including Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Walter Parratt, Mr and Mrs Pownall, Mr and Mrs Aveling, Señor Arbos, Dr Shinn, Mr Garcia, Mr Albert Garcia, Miss Daymond, Mr Aitken Crawshaw, Madame de Bobinsky, Miss Elieson, Mr Harold Samuel, and many others, both from London and from a distance. Following on the dinner came an impromptu entertainment which afforded the greatest delight to all present. Señor Arbos, wittiest of raconteurs, told story after story, each one more amusing than the last ; Miss Alice Elieson, Mr Albert Garcia, and Mr Harold Samuel sang comic songs ; Miss Barbara Everest recited ; Miss Daymond and Mr Samuel gave the Chopsticks Duet with infinite finish ; and the evening wound up by everyone singing ' Auld Lang Syne ' with great energy.

LOCAL BRANCHES

The question of local branches has been occupying the attention of the Committee during the past term. A set of Rules for such branches has been drafted ; it was submitted to the General Committee at their

meeting on March 26, and after its preliminary reading was reserved for further consideration.

MUSICAL EVENING

As the term had already included two important events, *viz.*, the Annual General Meeting and Dinner, only one 'Musical Evening' was held. This, however, was an exceptionally large one, thanks to the very kind hospitality of Miss Winifred Broome, who entertained the members at Alexandra House, Kensington Gore, S.W., on Thursday evening, April 1. The musical part of the evening took place in the Concert Room, which had been prettily decorated by Miss Dora Arnell and Miss Gladys Honey, and after the music was over, all the guests adjourned to the drawing room for tea and coffee.

The programme was as follows :—

SONGS	a. Gefror'ne Thränen	<i>Schubert</i>
	b. Ruhe meine Seele	<i>Strauss</i>
	c. Sonntag	<i>Brahms</i>
	MISS DORA ARNELL	
SONATA in B Minor, for pianoforte		<i>Chopin</i>
	MR IOAN POWELL	
SONGS (MS.)	a. Three Aspects	<i>Sir C. Hubert H. Parry</i>
	b. 'Whether I live'	
	c. The Maiden	
	MISS GLADYS HONEY	
SONG	<i>Recit.</i> —'I rage, I melt, I burn'	<i>Handel</i>
	<i>Air</i> —'O ruddier than the Cherry'	
	MR J. RICHMOND ROXBURGH	
DOUBLE QUARTET in D minor, Op. 65		<i>Spohr</i>
	MISS LUCY STONE	MISS MINNIE MATHESON
	MISS OONAH SUMNER	MISS BEATRICE FORMBY
	MISS OLIVE BELL	MISS AUDREY FOLKES
	MISS MAUDE SCRUBY	MISS MARGUERITE IZARD
	ACCOMPANISTS—	
	MISS EMILY DAYMOND, MISS CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE	
	AND MR WALTER BUTLER	

Mr Ioan Powell also played a short piece by Liszt as an encore.

THE R.C.M. UNION 'AT HOME'

The Annual 'At Home' will be held at College in the Concert Hall on Thursday evening, June 24, and full particulars of all arrangements will be sent to Members in due course. The 'At Home' is included in the ordinary Union subscription, and all Members are invited to attend.

MARION M. SCOTT	} <i>Hon. Secretaries</i>
A. BEATRIX DARNELL	